

Smoking in a Fireworks Factory by DigitalMoriarty

Series: [Shouldn't Be But Is Anyway \[1\]](#)

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Genre: Alternate Universe, Canon-Typical Violence, Clowns are evil just ask Richie, Ditching everything to go monster hunting, Every monster wants to grab Will, M/M, Minor Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, References to Sex, References to other books slight enough to not tag said fandoms, Richie Tozier is a Little Shit, Slight references to period typical homophobia, a lot of swearing, except when he's not

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Summary:

They're like smoking in a fireworks factory. It's probably a bad idea, but if it doesn't end well at least it'll end with beautiful explosions. (A collection of not necessarily connected Richie/Will/Mike drabbles)

1. Clowns are Evil

Author's Note:

So, I affectionately refer to this as the OT3 That Should Not Be and I love them dearly. I'll put notes at the beginning of each story giving any necessary background information. I hope all enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing this.

"I told you. I told you."

"Yes fine, you were right. Death to clowns."

Mike gave him a Look and Richie smirked before adding one last "I told you."

The pack of teenagers are all worse for wear, although not in as bad a state as the monster-clown-thing filling the air with the scent of charred *something*. They're all covered in green-purple ichor, the stuff dripping off the baseball bats Dustin, Max and Richie are all carrying. Mike's already shouldered his shotgun and Lucas has put away his slingshot (surprisingly effective, especially when using spiked projectiles) and Eleven's wiping the blood from her face. And Will, because of course it had gone after Will, was forcing himself to his feet until Richie and Mike snapped "Sit down" in unison.

Stepping around the steadily crisping monster corpse, the pair set to work patching Will up, catching the first aid kit Lucas tosses them before wrapping his sprained ankle and cleaning various cuts, working well despite the fact that they bickered.

The rest of the party, very used to said bickering (Because Richie was a dick and Mike was possessive and they didn't admit to having anything in common beyond appearance and adoration of Will) set to work with the other necessary post monster murder tasks.

"Steve? Yeah, we dealt with it. You're going to want to check to see how long Old Man Jenkins was a pawn of the creepy clown. No, I know it's him because we're in a creepy cave under his house that shouldn't be here. Thanks Steve, see you soon."

"Alright, thing dead?"

"Check."

"Made sure it was dead?"

"Check."

"Set it on fire?"

"Check."

"Made sure it didn't do anything to Will?"

"Check on the basic stuff, no repeat of the drider incident, the behire incident, the umber hulk incident or the last time we had to deal with a clown. We'll need to make sure there's nothing else though."

"Alright, got our stuff?"

"Check."

"Good, let's book it."

After Dustin radioing Steve and Lucas and Max (with input from Mike and Richie) finishing their post-monster killing checklist, they did, indeed, book it out of the cave, Richie having won the coin toss for who got to carry Will, who looked tired and in pain and faintly annoyed at being the one grabbed again.

"Stop pouting, we'll take you out for ice cream."

"Shut up Richie."

"Make me Mikey."

At least, Eleven reflected, bringing up the rear like usual, as a safety precaution, the bickering usually put a smile on Will's face.

2. Teamwork?

It's not hard to tell when it's been Richie's date night. Mike's nights aren't usually followed by Will wearing a turtleneck the next day. And to be honest, Dustin wasn't even sure how the whole thing worked.

Okay, he knew the official "Mike is dating Will and Richie is dating Will and Will adores them both and they both (mostly) get along because they both love him and want him to be happy. They trade date nights and have the Schedule, and gang up on anyone who so much as makes Will sniffle."

Max is perpetually full of teasing because as long as you had thick skin and a sharp tongue, it was fun to banter with Richie and it was easy to tease Mike, who would have walked into Hell to get Will back.

And Eleven looks as innocent as a punk-goth crossbreed can look when she asks if Will needs help covering up those bruises because it looks like Mike got a bit passionate last night.

And Lucas... well, Lucas and Dustin were both in the "I see nothing, I hear nothing, LALALALALALA" boat. It was a good boat.

"Seriously Richie? Are you a vampire now? Because if you are, I call staking rights."

"At least I don't leave rope burns."

"That was one time and that's nothing compared to-"

"I was thinking because we have a half day, we could have a picnic in the Castle? Steve finished the addition last night."

"That's an excellent idea."

"I'm only coming if you bring cookies."

Although everyone in the party had to admit it was hilarious the speed at which the degree of bickering dropped the second Will showed up.

3. Isn't College Awesome?

Notes for the Chapter:

Where they didn't run off on an extended monster hunting road trip and waited to get their degrees first.

"So, what's it like dating identical twins?"

Will blinked. Stared. Blinked again.

College was already weird. He was away from Hawkins, and theoretically away from monsters (Max was taking bets.) The party had worked together to make sure they got into the same college, studying like crazy and putting in dozens of scholarship applications and they'd managed to make it work, which Will was endlessly grateful for. Things were easier with his friends around. But this? He hadn't been prepared for this.

This, in specific, was being cornered by three girls in his life drawing class and asked about his relationship.

Which he knew was a bit... nonstandard. But they made it work, Mike and Richie's arguments almost never rising above the level of bickering and Will making sure that everyone was getting their needs met, and more importantly, making sure everyone was expressing their needs.

Their friends helped too, and it all held together pretty well.

But Mike and Richie weren't twins. It was sheer random coincidence that they looked so much alike (and Max teased Will about having a really fucking specific type) and Will... didn't even really see it any more. They were so different and he loved them for very different reasons and...

He has no idea how to answer that question.

"They're not twins. They just look a lot alike."

He goes with the truth. By the looks on their faces, they do not believe him.

"Will, do I need to hide all your turtle necks again? Because I will totally hide all your turtle necks again and then be relentlessly smug."

And there's Richie, faint smirk on his face and tape on the bridge of his glasses from their last 'adventure' ("We are in a fucking episode of fucking Scooby fucking Doo and I am not fucking Velma."

"Well if the glasses fit..."

"I am going to beat you to death with a pillow Wheeler, Will or no Will.") and a perpetually unlikely and perpetually consistent knight in very dented armor.

"Oh look, they're not trying to get a dose of Mike's creative revenge, they're just being nosy bitches who can't afford their trashy romance novels anymore so they're trying to get second hand gay smut. I applaud the creativity ladies but if you don't get away from my boyfriend I'll take full advantage of the student radio to make sure the entire college knows about what you did at the party last weekend."

All three women went pale and darted off, giving Richie vicious glares as they left.

"What did they do at the party last weekend?"

"Not a fucking clue. But it's a safe bet it was something. Now c'mon, we've got lunch to get before we have to deal with more fucking stupid lectures."

Notes for the Chapter:

Look, I just loved the idea of them staying together as a unit through college too. And you know plenty of people would think that Will is dating twins.

4. Don't Let Steve Name Dogs

Summary for the Chapter:

In which the next thing on the agenda is probably a white picket fence.

Richie looked at the dog. The dog looked back. And wagged its tiny tail.

He had thought, when they were going to get a dog, that it would be a dog. Something with a weight in double digits at the least. Not a puffball. But one minute he and Mike had been arguing the merits of the big female Rottweiler vs the Newfoundland puppy and the next Will had been carrying a Pomeranian and giving them the big eyed look that meant 'I would never say that this is what I really really *really* want because I'm used to not getting what I want a lot of the time and I'm okay with it and I don't want to make people feel bad or like I'm imposing but this is what I really really *really* want'.

And one of the things Mike and Richie share is their complete inability to resist that look.

Richie looked at the dog. In theory, he and Mike were supposed to agree on the name, while Will was getting the makings of a 'yay we got a dog!' celebratory dinner.

He had a feeling most of his current suggestions would not be acceptable.

Given the look on Mike's face, he was in the same boat.

Which left one option.

"Steve? We need you to name a dog."

("Killer?"

"Steve suggested it."

"Well, I suppose there are worse names. Her nickname can be Kiki."

"Right. So. What's for dinner?")

5. I Told You Clowns Are Evil

Notes for the Chapter:

This is actually a different verse than the first clown one, because I cannot seem to keep myself from making AUs. Here they graduated high school and Hawkins had to deal with several more unpleasant incidents annnnd the world is going to hell in entirely mundane ways. As an aside, I actually did a vexing amount of research to determine what everyone is driving.

"It's a clown."

They've only just driven into town and stopped for gas when Richie makes this pronouncement. And while many people, especially those who had never encountered one Richie Tozier AKA Will's Boyfriend, would have looked around for a clown, the party didn't.

"We've been in town 30 seconds, we haven't even talked to anyone." Mike replied, voice sharp, although he didn't look away from the number steadily ticking up as the truck refueled. Eleven, on the other side, refueling her motorcycle, said "Richie does have a sense for these things."

Which was true. Richie was a bit like a bloodhound when it came to... well, monstrous clowns of all shapes and sizes.

"Just for once, I want it to not be a clown. I hate when we fight clowns. Can't we just go up against one of those weird things that wanted Will for it's creepy bride again? That thing was at least fun to fuck with."

"Can we not and say we did? Because I'd rather not watch a monster try to parse my relationship."

Max, in front of them and leaning against her lovingly restored Mustang, laughed at the look on Will's face.

"Are you kidding? That was hilarious. It was like a dog eating peanut

butter crossed with a concussed squirrel crossed with Richie trying to solve a calculus problem!"

"Okay, point 1, fuck you Dustin, point 2, fuck you Dustin, point 3, fuck you Dustin and point 4, I am not letting some weird monster with too many everything steal my boyfriend."

"Your boyfriend?"

"Fuck you too Mike, that's just as true as saying he's your boyfriend and last time I checked you-"

"Beep beep Richie."

"Fine fine shutting up. I still hate that fucking Bill taught you that."

Will giggled (because being 20-something had not made him stop) and kissed Richie's cheek. And then hopped out of the jeep to reach up on his tiptoes to do the same to Mike.

The three cars (Max's Mustang, which only she and Lucas were allowed to have sex in, Mike's nigh-indestructible Gladiator and Richie's equally tough Wrangler) were all full of everything a pack of 20-somethings might need while on a monster hunting road trip, which they were mostly on because they were 75% certain the world was ending and Mom (AKA Steve Harrington) was working to set up a stable fort for when the nastiness really hit.

Will's brother Jonathan sent them every lead he could find, and so far they were 23 towns and 18 monsters in.

...Only 18, because the other five had not been the sort of monsters they dealt with. Even if one of them had tried to go after Will. Which is why he had been left trussed up on the steps of the police station. Will might have been every monster's favorite snack but he could at least buy himself time against a human, no matter how awful.

And now here they were. With another fucking clown.

"So, we do our research, find out what sort of clown it is, and then we kill it. Right?"

"Same plan as always."

Once things have refueled and junk food has been acquired, they split up. Well. More correctly Max and her Doom Bat and Eleven and her

Eleven-ness go searching to see if Eleven pings anything, while the rest of them hit the usual sources of clown-info.

"HA. Told you so."

Mike loved Will with all his heart and was loyal to the party and did meditation with Will and Max and Eleven and that is why he did not pitch something at Richie's smug head.

But he was right. There were the pictures, the same creepy as fuck smiling weirdo in sixteen unrelated photographs. Well. Unrelated except for the theme of 'what the fuck is wrong with you people?'

"Fucking hell. I was hoping it was one of the other ones. Those things are the creepiest." Dustin announced, and Lucas, joining them in peering at the collection of books added "We should start looking at the maps, figure where the lair is."

And then Mike did a very very short headcount and asked "Wait. Where's Will?"

Will was located in a dropped doll like heap in among the shelves, a book fallen near him.

Leaving Mike and Richie to their usual 'we might spend most of our time bickering but when it comes to Will we are absolutely a united front and also totally whipped' routine, Lucas scooped up the book, looking at what page it had fallen open to.

"Looks like Will found the info we need to find it's lair. And the thing probably booby-trapped it. This picture is making my eyes feel funny and I'm not as sensitive as Will is."

"I am setting that fucking thing on fire." Richie said, not a snarl but a cold rage, as Mike's smelling salts did the trick, bring Will out of his strange not-faint.

"You our Will or is something about to get Elevened?"

"I'm your Will. My head hurts though."

"It's okay. We'll let Lucas and Dustin see if they can figure out where the lair might be and go find a motel."

There was no question of Richie not coming along. Besides, if they took the Wrangler he could make Richie drive and cuddle Will in the back. Which is what led to the final nail in the coffin of the 'it is absolutely, 110% a fucking 'this is why Richie hates clowns' clown' case.

"El? Yeah, find us a place to camp. Richie went in to get us some rooms and got called a fairy and told they didn't rent rooms to... well, you know that song and dance."

"We need to bail Richie out of jail?"

"Nah, he just got creative with his swearing and came back out. I'm letting him cuddle Will until he's back to his normal asshole levels."

Eleven can faintly hear "Letting me cuddle him?" in Richie's 'We are about to descend into insults in fifteen seconds' tone and can't stop herself from smiling. Even at times like this, there were some things that were normal. Like Mike and Richie pushing each others buttons.

"Alright. Max and I will switch to finding a good site. I'll radio when I find one."

"Thanks El."

Mike shut his eyes, took a deep breath, and then switched channels to check on Dustin and Lucas.

This was what the party did. Hunt down monsters. And it wasn't these people's fault if they were fucking awful. They had a creepy as fuck terror clown bringing out all their worst aspects.

But he was looking forward to being out of here. And not just because that meant another very dead clown.

6. This is Why We Don't Go To Bars

Look, they were only at the bar because Richie wanted to get drunk and it was his birthday and he reminded them that going to a bar wasn't *nearly* as bad as Mike going to a weekend long gaming marathon for his birthday. And the music wasn't bad (although not rock or punk or showtunes or any of their usual genres) and the bar itself had mostly been picked because it was the only place in the town they'd stopped in that wouldn't kick them out for getting handsy with Will (or each other. Alcohol meant it didn't count okay?)

And Will, who was sweetness and light and loyalty, wriggled into the tightest jeans known to mankind and a shirt he'd got from *somewhere* that was oversized and bared one shoulder and said 'If wishes were kisses you'd be covered in bruises' and generally looked like he'd sauntered out of someone's midnight fantasy. Which was very nice to watch on the dance floor while they waited for their drinks at the bar (Will had been affectionately mocked for ordering a cosmopolitan while Mike and Richie had both opted for rum and cokes while bickering about what beer was best).

It kept being very nice to watch while they enjoyed said drinks and Will came heading back to them, sweaty and beaming and flushed because they were a long way from the middle school dances of old. And then some guy, obviously a few drinks in, blocked his path. Given the look on Will's face, he was not asking where Will had gotten those jeans.

"We are getting him a fucking collar with fucking tags."

Mike didn't voice his agreement, just abandoned the bar and followed Richie as he stalked over. And it figured that Will would be a magnet for drunk idiots as much as he was a magnet for monsters. Seriously, was he blind? Did he somehow miss the fact that Will had more spots than a leopard (a fact which had resulted in "Seriously Richie you're going to give him a fucking blood clot or something."

"Pot to kettle *Mikey*. I wasn't the one with him last night and a lot of those look pretty fresh if you ask me. Or are you trying to say you and the party rabbit didn't fuck like bunnies?") or was he somehow

reading Will's perpetually polite deflections as playing hard to get?

They get close enough to hear "I'm not really into that. My boyfriends-" before Richie says, loud and sharp "Are right here. Seriously Will, I'm going to get a fucking marker and write "Fuck off property of Richie Tozier" on you. You're like fucking catnip for losers, I swear."

"You're not doing that unless you add 'And Mike Wheeler' asshole. And I'd argue with you on that since *we're* dating him, but I know his dating history."

"Mike ."

"Your last pre-us boyfriend ended up trying to feed you to a monster because he was too chickenshit to grab a goddamn baseball bat and fucking fight back. Now, let's take a look at the idiot who thinks he could keep up with you."

While Mike slipped around to wrap around Will from behind, Richie made a show of looking the man up and down, while the man glared and tried to say something, probably about the fact that there were two of them. Or possible about the fact that they looked like twins.

"Ah. Classic specimen of 'can't manage to fuck anything that's not some scrawny barely legal twink who just figured out that being gay is a thing'. You do realize that our Will would laugh you out of bed, right? I'm willing to put money down that you get all your dirty talk from trashy porn, don't you? I am totally willing to admit that Will might as well be sprinkling pixie dust but he's not about to dump *us* for *you* ."

Richie's tone was deceptively calm as he talked right over anything the other man might have tried to say, before finally announcing "And now *you* are going to fuck off to try and find some poor fairy who doesn't realize that dicks come in sizes above 'extra small'."

And Mike's not stupid, so he uses his hold on Will to take several quick steps backwards as Richie ducks a punch.

"Figures Richie's birthday ends with getting into a fight."

"You say that like we don't both know you'll be 'rewarding' him for being your knight in shining armor."

Will giggled and leaned back into his grasp, replying "I'm just sad I didn't get my cosmo. Or get to watch you two get drunk and start telling each other about your amazing boyfriend."

7. Nightmares

All of them had nightmares. It was just... a thing. When you hit the road at 16 in the hopes that somewhere else might be slightly less full of monsters that their parents generally didn't believe in than Hawkins.

But either they had the worst luck in the world, or there were a fuck ton of small towns with really dark secrets. By 18, they'd tapped what college funds they had, took whatever jobs they could get whenever they stopped to dig up secrets (because no one deserved to cope with what they'd had to cope with as kids) and kept themselves moving.

They stayed in motels sometimes, camped in the forest if it was safe enough, and in the cars if it wasn't. Money went for food and fuel and first aid supplies and ammunition. And there were the nightmares.

You couldn't deal with the number of monsters they had without coming a way a bit different, but that wasn't the only source. Max had nightmares about Billy. Lucas had nightmares about the bullshit white people still pulled. Mike had nightmares about losing Will again. Will had... Will was as much a magnet for nightmares as for anything else.

But they didn't let the nightmares stop them and they *certainly* won't going to let the monsters win.

Notes for the Chapter:

It's super short, I know. But the next one is longer?

8. All Manner of Doorways

Notes for the Chapter:

This chapter is inspired by Every Heart a Doorway by Seanan McGuire. You should go read it. *Everyone* should go read it. As an extra note, Miss Coburn A. runs the school in another one of my stories and B. is a reference to the book The Bone Key by Sarah Monette, which everyone should also read.

Theirs is a world of monsters and lurking secrets. And they are deeply, defiantly in love. Richie is a blazing brilliant star, destined for a burn out. Will is a low fire, warm and comforting and set to burn for ages or suddenly snuff out. Mike is a steady flame, hot and ready to burn for as long as fuel lasts. They are, together and with the help of their friends, able to turn any threat into ash upon the ground.

Between bullets and blunt weapons and brash magic they keep themselves safe. They are warriors and mages and rogues and they have forged *normal* for themselves as a massive 'fuck you' to the whole world.

And then... and then a thing (no name, nothing but eyes and tentacles and danger) does something and a vast hole opens beneath their feet and they are falling tumbling dropping until they land in a tangled heap in a place that is not their world. That is not their sky. Those are not their trees. And the air tastes different and the grass feels different.

Will, who is the most sensitive of them all, begins to shake and try to keep back sobs and Eleven (The eleventh subject in an experiment, an attempt to make something that can control the monsters, use the monsters) looks stunned. And they are a well oiled machine, Mike and Richie going to Will, soothing him and calming him and helping him get out that his magic is *gone*, and Max and Lucas coaxing El into sitting, into explaining that they are not where they are supposed to be, that there is no magic here, and she's not sure if she has her other powers, in this place with no monsters.

This is not their home. But they have survived worse. They have some of their supplies and they make a quick camp in the woods, setting up traps and finding water and making shelter and tending to the no longer mages. El might say there are no monsters in this place, but they are bred and raised to be paranoid about such things. Just because there are no monsters that might feed El's abilities doesn't mean there aren't *any*.

And then a woman appears, several days later (they have sent Dustin and Lucas and Max to scout the area, to get the lay of the land, see what settlements might be like, what threats might be lurking), waiting patiently at the edge of the perimeter they've set up.

"Hello. My name is Claudia Coburn. And I think I can help you."

9. Not Another Fucking Clown

Summary for the Chapter:

Seriously? Another fucking clown?

"Oh for *fucks sake*. "

Will couldn't keep from smiling. He knew they'd come for him. They always came for him. It was just... one of those facts of the world. The sun rose in the east, water was wet, the Party would always come rescue Will Byers from whatever had tried to mess with him this time.

In this case, the Party was being led by an extremely pissed off Richie Tozier with a barbed wire wrapped baseball bat.

Which made sense. The thing *was* a shapeshifting terror thing from another dimension. And it had decided to try and take the shape of a clown.

You'd think the news would have gotten around by now, that if you had the option, you shouldn't try to mess with the Party looking like a clown. And yet here they were. Honestly, whenever Will *saw* a monstrous clown now he mostly just thought of Richie and Mike absentmindedly bickering while the gooey remains of an ex-monster-clown sent up sparks. It wasn't particularly effective to try and terrify someone in a form that just reminded your victim that his boyfriends loved him and would kill you in a messy fashion and take whatever necessary precautions were needed to prevent you from potentially returning.

And now here they were, Mike with a sawed off shotgun just behind and to the right of Richie (because hitting things was easier after they've been shot) and Max and Dustin on his left, clearly just as ready to beat this thing to death, and he could see Bev and Lucas, crossbow and slingbow at the ready and he just *knows* Steve is guarding their backs, in case this thing has friends.

"I did tell you that you shouldn't have grabbed me," he tells the monster, just before Richie snarls "Another fucking *clown* ." and lunges.

The fight doesn't take long. The poor shapeshifting whatever really doesn't stand a chance against a pack of pissed off twenty-somethings, not when they've got heavy weaponry on their side. It actually *explodes* when Eleven shows up, looking annoyed and does her 'I can set you on fire with my mind' thing.

Then Mike's there, checking for injuries and he can see Richie swearing as he tries to find some bit of un-goo covered cloth to clean his glasses on and Eleven is still looking mildly surprised and Dustin and Lucas can't seem to stop laughing.

Will... Will mostly just sighs and smiles and tilts his head up for a kiss when Richie comes over, still swearing.

"What is it about goddamn clowns for fucks sake I swear these things just *want* to get slaughtered. That fucking big red nose is like a fucking button saying 'hit with bat here!'"

"Richie. Less complaining about clowns. More kissing."

"No, no kissing, I still haven't finishing making sure it didn't do something horrible to you."

"Mike, you dipshit. You know damn well *that* particular examination

is best conducted in a place with both a bed and lube."

"Fuck you Tozier."

"No thanks, I'd rather fuck Will."

Notes for the Chapter:

I have way too much fun letting Richie Tozier kill clowns. If you have something you'd like to see with this OT3, just drop a prompt into the comments!

10. Catnip

They'd encountered a lot during their monster hunting.

Monstrous clowns, what seemed like half the Monster Manual, an absolute fuckton of creepy scientists doing creepy things.

This was the first time they'd encountered a cult *worshipping* one of the things they hunted.

And they'd never have known about it if the bastards hadn't kidnapped Will (who was apparently catnip for monsters) to try and do... something, and the party hadn't torn apart the town looking for him.

It was Eleven who found them, in some abandoned warehouse (because *of course*) with about fifteen cars in front of it.

And that was a bit of a problem. Because they were outnumbered and also the law had a bit of a problem with them killing *people* . Even if those people were absolutely awful. Even if those people had kidnapped one of their friends.

But only a bit of one.

If those bastards thought that they were leaving Will Byers to his fate, they had clearly been misinformed. They hadn't left him in the

Upside-Down, they hadn't left him in the clutches of any number of horrors and they *certainly* weren't about to leave him in the custody of a pack of people with nothing better to do with their time than worship a horror anyone with sense would want dead.

So they grabbed their weapons and got ready to really *seriously* break the law.

Well, right until the main door slammed open and Will came running out. Richie dropped his bat and reached out to catch him, hugging him tight and swearing at the bruises, the black eye.

"They tried to make me eat a *person*."

Will sobbed out, voice half muffled by Richie's shoulder, and it made sense that he was upset. Out of the many and varied unpleasantnesses they'd faced, it had always been a *monster* . On those occasions it wasn't, it was someone being driven to it by a monster. Not... well, whatever this was. Not *people* .

Mike shoved his shotgun at Eleven and joined Richie in wrapping around Will, whispering dire promises into his hair, telling him how glad they all were that he'd gotten free.

"Guys, as touching as this reunion is *we have a problem to deal with!*"

Dustin's tone was urgent, and not just because the cultists were boiling out of the building like someone took a baseball bat to a

hornets' nest.

"These idiots are worshipping a fucking *wendigo*. "

...goodie.

The good news was, the cultists were all running away, streaming past them into the forest.

The bad news was, that was because the wendigo was right behind them.

But it turned out their adage held true. Anything dies if you hit it enough times and put enough ammo into it, and it stays dead if you set it on fire and make sure it burns.

They figured it all out later, after the dust had settled and Mike and Richie were both satisfied that beyond the obvious evidence, nothing was wrong with their boyfriend. About the way the wendigo showed up, and the cult who were worshipping it and the fact that *apparently* they wanted Will for it's husband.

Because Will was catnip for monsters.

"So. New number one on the most fucked up things ever list?"
"Absolutely."

They left the town to deal with the cultist problem on their own. If they tried dealing with all the people shaped monsters, they'd never have time to do anything else.

Author's Note:

I take great delight in my headcanon that every monster under the sun wants to go after poor Will Byers. But it's okay, his friends will always keep him safe.

I also have a fair number of these, so I'll post a couple a day?